

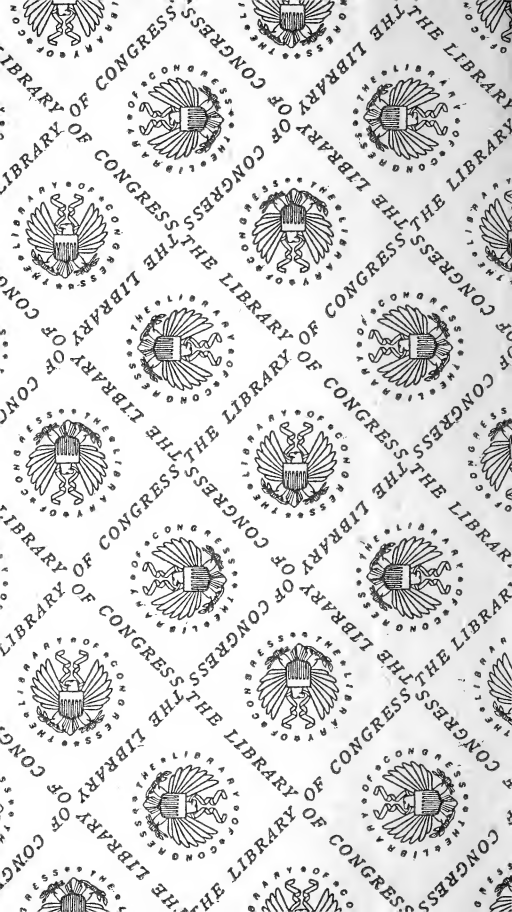
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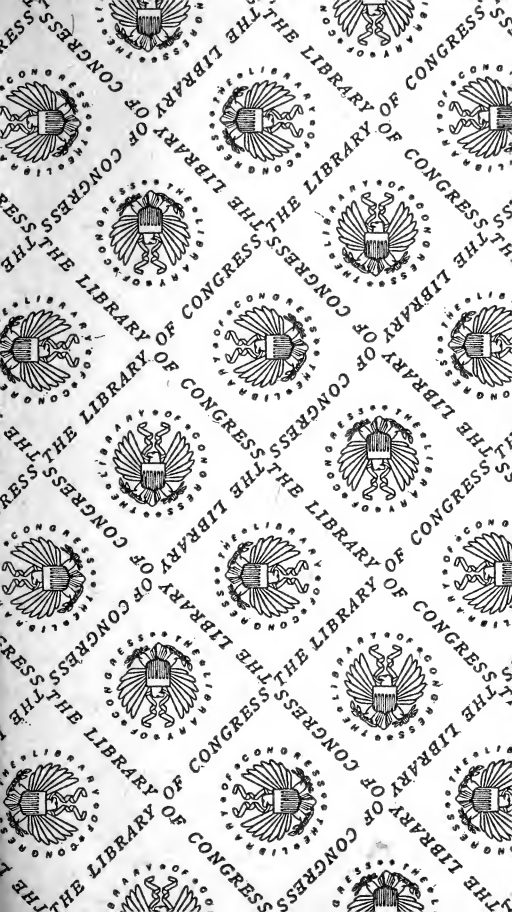
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COTTAGE POEMS.

A Collection of Religious Pieces.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1861.



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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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The Wyoming Cottage Poems.



THE ROCK CALLED JESUS.

THERE'S a rock in the ocean of life to be seen,
That breaketh the billows that lash it ;
On which I would love forever to lean,
For thousands fore'er lean upon it.
There the soul in sweet peace, fore'er may re-
pose,
While the arrows of sin are a flying ;
Its name, it is Jesus—that frees us from woes ;
It's our passport to heaven when dying.

It's a Refuge from tempests that destructive
here blow,
With all their foul cares and their sorrow ;
It's the Rock of serenity, the good here may
know,
Where the sin-wave ne'er makes the least
furrow ;
It's a towering high Rock, raised aloft and on
high,
Where sin is e'er dashed by each billow,
Where the pilgrim delights to rest and to lie,
And sweetly repose on his pillow.

It's the Rock of all ages—to come, and that's gone;

It lies where mankind may all see it,
With a halo all round, as bright as the sun;

It's the sun of the world, and will free it.
And there you may hide, while life it may last,
If pure be your heart and your feeling;
It's the same at this day, as in time that is past,
And still grows up that balm of sweet healing.

There's not a hole nor a clift around the sweet place,

But is planted with balm that so pleases;
But the plant that so luxuriantly grows, called Grace,

Crowns the top of the Rock called Jesus.
No tempests can blast, nor no chilling wind
Wither one leaf, whate'er be the season;
To-day and each hour its virtues can bind,
The soul in these joys that's so pleasing.

They are safe and at rest, whoe'er repose there,
Whose soul is quite free from each folly;

For the least bud of grace stifles all care,
And restores the frail heart to be holy.
No clouds in their darkness e'er shroud the sunshine

Of this sweet little Rock of the ocean,
Where faith and sweet hope around it entwine
And cling with determined devotion.

Who would not live by this Rock that so pleases,
When rough blow the storms and the billows,
Where joy and delight, and happiness eases
The heart's weary cares on its pillow?

Who would not wish to land on such place,
Where Mercy's sweet flag is e'er flying,
And waving away in the breeze of sweet grace,
At the hour and the moment of dying.

Death's sting is ne'er felt by those that repose,
Breathing faith and hope in their slumbers,
But joys springeth up free from all woes,
Though mottled and vast be their numbers ;
No terrors are there, but sweet is their rest,
For the balm of that grace that is given,
Makes all of them happy and forever blest,
Ere they rise up to glory in heaven.

That Rock in the ocean, that Rock of sweet
peace,
That beacon of nations of whatever cast—
From pole unto pole it never shall cease,
To be an escapement from sins that are past.
There's a chart of that Rock, so easy and plain
To each heart that is pure in devotion ;
Love and faith are the objects here to maintain,
That lead to that Rock in the ocean.

The sin-waves arising with guilt-spotted power,
Can not reach in their fury this beacon,
However high their crests they may tower,
A soul that sweet Jesus is seeking ;
For he'll send them that grace, that balm-giving
peace,
With a glory each sin here reproving,
That will give joy upon joy with ten-fold in-
crease,
That springs from the source of his loving.

That will make the heart happy wherever it be,
Where'er be the nation he's living,
That will raise up a light the blind man can see,
Never to stumble on his road up to heaven.
Oh! what a Rock, what a beacon is this,
That death with its sting ne'er can sever,
That's full to the top of grace and of bliss,
That lasteth forever and ever.



GRACE; OR, THE WORD OF LIFE.

If the WORD its power impress
Thy heart, thy soul, and mind,
And if that *word* shall truly bless,
And virtue inward bind,
Has the source from whence it rose,
One atom lost a part?
Doth not the word still there repose,
Though it hath filled thy heart?

The self-same tidings thou mayst tell
To thousands o'er the earth;
With self-same power may bosoms swell
With all its saving worth.
Yet still with thee, the joyful word,
Wherever thou mayst be,
With all its power, may grace afford
To thee, to him, or me.

And still expanding, onward spread
To numbers still unknown,
Wherever human beings may tread,
On every earthly zone.

And thousands hear and thousands teach,
And millions more impress,
And yet the myriads it may reach,
It never may be less.

It's still the word—the word of love,
That to the world God gave,
That in that frame that here did move,
That came mankind to save.
'Twas Jesus from whence it sprung,
The world held so in scorn,
Yet He makes each heart and tongue
With all its glory burn.

No lost power can mortals trace,
Away from its benign cast?
The expanding gift, Jesus' grace,
It shall forever last ;
And, rolling onward, still increase
For ages yet to rise ;
Ne'er in heaven or earth to cease,
It never, never dies.

And yet from whence it did arise,
It holds the self-same power,
And floats around the earth and skies,
And keeps the saints secure
From Satan's wiles, from Satan's snares,
Where'er the heart's oppress,
And relieves the good from cares,
And makes them truly blest.

Yet still the word, with power to save
The sinner in distress,

And give victory o'er the grave,
And to eternally bless.
It's still the word with power and grace
To every heart that feels,
It never loses one sweet trace
Of power in all it heals.



A FOUNTAIN PURE.

THERE is a spring, a fountain pure,
Of living waters known,
And happy they who can secure
The joys that's there alone.
For there the thirsty soul in peace,
The tree of life may press,
There alone sweet joys increase,
Immortal souls to bless.

That fountain to a river swells,
That is both clear and wide,
On which there are no stormy gales
To ruffle its sweet tide;
There angels walk its banks serene
Amidst its shady groves,
Its verdant shores are ever green,
Where gentle spirits move.

There heavenly conversation sweet
With each new landed guest,
Arrived in Paradise to greet,
And hail them truly blest.

The soul escaped from earth below,
From slavish fear and sin,
Hails the tidings thus to know
The joys through grace it's in.

That living stream of calm and peace,
So clear, so sweet and bright,
Where Jesus' happiness increase
With all that gives delight.
The gift to each is his sweet grace,
That never would been won,
Had he not revealed his face,
And blest each happy one.



JOHN XVII.

THAT sweetest and that earnest prayer
That on earth was ever spoken,
Full of divine and feeling care,
That God would give a glorious token,
That all mankind by grace might see,
That Jesus came the world to free.

He lifted up his eyes to heav'n
With filial love and sweet devotion,
"And prayed that life" to all be given,
"Eternal life"—oh! what promotion!
That all might know that God above,
Was Lord alone of heavenly love.

He gave the world the glorious word,
That was mankind here to awaken,

And showed that God's the only Lord,
That idol empires all had shaken,
And taught benighted hearts to feel,
Joys on earth eternally real.

His Apostles felt the inward flame
And believed, and by believing
They preached the word, through Jesus'
name,
Destroying care and every grieving;
They spread the joyful word of love,
That leads to happiness above.

And they, whoe'er believes their words,
In every age of life as given,
Shall know that God's the only Lord,
And live with him above in heaven.
And be all *one* in glorious love,
That death nor hell can ne'er remove.



THE GRAVE.

"WHERE the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Soon shall the weary retire to their rest,
Enwrapped in the cold saddened clay,
Where care shall ne'er enter again in their
breast,
In the long weary night or the day.

There silent and calm, as ages roll o'er,
They are free from all turmoil and grief,
As rich as the richest, though they were poor,
When the angel of death gives relief.

No more shall they struggle for things in this
life,

Nor hunger, nor thirst where they lie ;
No more shall they lift their voice in the strife,
Nor frown on the poor passing by.

No : the poor man in need, to the prince or the
peer,

Shall never, no, never give pain ;
Nor shall e'en the timid avaunt with a fear,
Or shrink from the great ones again.

Even fashion, who prides in the worm, of whose
slime

The gaudy ones here love to dress,
When laid there at peace, the hand of rough
time

Will closer the clods round them press.

Blind worms of the earth, they will revel on
each,

And crawl back and forth for to share
First one, then the other, as nature may teach,
For they know not howe'er to compare.

It is only while here, while pride fills the mind,
And all that is vain fills the heart,
That we raise up distinctions of whatever kind,
But the *grave* bids them all to depart.

The fool and the knave, the brave and the wise,
And the rich and the poor there agree ;
The *clod* of the valley, such unity ties,
It mingles *slave*-dust with the *free*.

E'en the earth in contempt, *as it were, will de-
ride,*
And crush the fair form of the *prude,*
Like the *slave* held in chains we kept in our
pride,
And will be to the *prince* just as rude.

There tight in earth's grasp without e'er a sigh,
Our time we'll abide there at rest—
Till the trumpet shall sound from realms on
high,
For the good ones to rise and be blest.

Such is the peace, in the Valley of Death,
That no taunts in the tomb is e'er heard;
The scold and the orator there hold their
breath,
And silently await their reward.



THERE is a test, a glorious proof
Of that real eternal glory—
There is a truth, a glorious truth,
That is no fabled story—
That Jesus died, and rose again,
After in the grave he's lain.

Twelve the record sealed in blood,
And from this they never swerved;
They bled for truth the world withstood,
All things else they disregarded.
They daily saw Him with their eyes,
When from the grave he did arise.

Even Judas, that at first betrayed,
With a foul and base intent,
Became remorse'd and so dismayed,
Proclaimed his victim innocent.
E'en acts on acts so onward hurled,
Told he was Saviour of the world.

And many more to him endeared,
Sealed in blood this truth so bright ;
Death for that truth they never feared,
To show the world the glorious light ;
That light foretold, that should be given
To light the Gentiles' path to heaven.



ON THE HEART'S IMAGINATIVE POWER
TO CAUSE MAN TO SIN.

How oft have I
Had cause to cry,
Through many a bitter smart ;
That daily, hourly, seems to lie,
Within my wayward heart.

That oft assails,
And never fails,
To spurn what's good alone
With imaginative tales,
Where naught but virtue's known.

There evil springs
Her wanton wings,
Ungoverned by the will ;
Nor can the mind subjection bring,
With all her power and skill.

To war each hour,
Against this power
That holds the mind in spite ;
Naught but grace can me secure,
Or ever keep me right.

In reason's name,
The mind can't frame,
A power in language drest,
A bar to this incessant flame,
That never gives me rest.

It ever plays,
And never lays
On the present, future, past ;
It all things stirs up to my gaze,
And tries to hold me fast.

Ever piercing,
Never leaving,
But ever brings me grief ;
Accusing sometimes even heaven,
With railing, unbelief.

What a fearful thing,
To have such sting,
Like this, with awful power ;
So ever prone, the mind to bring
Its risings to endure.

From the heart,
Who can depart,
From imaginative ways ?
E'en when truth its lights impart,
With all its brilliant rays.

It's then we know,
And feel our wo,
When light shines forth from heaven ;
It's then we see the awful foe,
Within the heart there living.

It's then we see,
Its worst degree,
A base and inward fire ;
That e'er that light, we could not see,
That's full of foul desire.

That leads away
The mind astray,
With wantonness and ill,
With that that's flowery, seeming gay,
Alluring oft the will.

It's then its dart,
In every heart,
In which Religion moves,
Raises oft a bitter smart,
Where Jesus claims our love.

We feel its curse
Keep growing worse,
As truth and light we feel ;
Tormenting with an awful force,
That only grace can seal.

Who hath not felt,
It thus hath dealt
With them ? When grace did move,
Who can say they always knelt,
And free from it in love ?

The worldly kind,
They never find
This feeling to reprove;
Their proud hearts to it are blind.
The world's the place they love.

They never know
Nor feel the wo
Of imaginations fell;
But as it leads them, on they go;
Their will does ne'er rebel.

Their soul and mind,
We ever find,
Join like a happy band;
Their will unto their heart's inclined,
To follow each command.

Blind to its ways,
Howe'er it plays,
In all its lurements drest;
They bask beneath its sunny blaze,
And always think they're blest.

It's when the light,
Through this dark night,
Its dawning hour begins,
That man begins to get a sight
Of all his awful sins.

It's then he sees,
By slow degrees,
His imaginative power, [seize,
To swamp the soul that grace would
In peace to make secure.

It's then he knows,
Its ebbs and flows;
It's then he sees what care
Should attend him as he goes,
His Saviour's love to share.

The heart aspires,
The will retires,
The mind revolts to go;
It's then we feel, that grace inspires
Us up against the foe.

It's then we feel,
The covenant seal,
By Christians understood;
With power to act, and that with zeal,
But all through Jesus' blood.

It's then the heart,
Can ne'er impart,
Its wicked thoughts in kind;
When through grace the will departs,
Sustained by the mind.

Satan's power
Then to devour,
Has lost his whole control;
For grace has made the heart secure,
To act against the soul.

It's then by prayer,
And watchful care,
We must take heed and call,
For Jesus' bounteous grace to share,
That we no more may fall.

That we no more
That power restore,
Our hearts, our sins, to swell ;
For while we God on earth adore,
He will lead our steps from hell.

Then pray for light,
Each day and night,
Each hour try to improve,
The grace that Jesus shows so bright,
Through his immortal love.

— . . . —

A PRAYER TO SAVE ME FROM THE EVILS
OF MY OWN HEART.

SAVE me, O Lord ! from my own heart,
Which fills me with despair ;
Oh ! bid its vileness all depart,
And hear my earnest prayer.

Its foul imaginations, known
To none save thee and me ;
Oh ! bid its vileness all be gone,
For thou canst make me free.

Who knows the heart, save thee, O Lord ?
Its evilness and pride ;
With all its risings, foul, absurd,
With every sin allied.

Who can tell its cherished themes,
So intricately wove ;
And all its guilty, foul extremes,
Wherein it likes to rove ?

Save thee, O God! that can espy
The secrets it would hide,
To thee it seems to open lie,
With all its haughty pride.

Oh! was each heart laid open bare,
That man might man here read,
In printed form, in letters fair,
Upon the breast or head—

Oh! what a sight we here would form,
Of *fiends* in human shape ;
Hell's eternal gnawing worm,
In every breast awake.

And all alive, in heart's deep well,
Imagining foulest things ;
Tormenting more than tongue can tell,
With all its awful stings.

There blasphemous thoughts arise,
Against thy holy name ;
And how it virtue can despise,
Without a blush or shame.

Who knows the heart, or who can guide
Its fearful rising power ?
One moment virtuous, next in pride,
And murderous every hour.

Too powerful for the human will,
Or human mind to trace,
Beyond our reason's vaunted skill,
One virtue to embrace.

Sunk below all creatures here,
Though raised above in mind,
To trace the orbs in every sphere,
Though in gratitude unkind.

Above the brute, to trace the past,
The future to compare ;
And partly see into that waste,
Where God and angels are.

Yet far below the brutes that graze
O'er meads, and through the woods ;
In acts destructive all our days,
With scarce one act that's good.

Oh ! save me, Lord, from my own heart,
Its foulness here displace ;
Sufficient love to me impart,
Sufficient power of grace.

That I may cling more close to thee,
And ne'er again transgress ;
For thou alone canst make me free,
From my own heart's distress.

Free me, O Lord ! through Jesus' blood ;
I know thou hear'st my cry ;
He gave up life for mankind's good,
And on him I rely.

Then save me, Lord, for I confess,
Without thy grace secure,
To turn away my bitterness,
My heart will be impure :

And remain in guilt and sin,
Until the day I die.
Then give me grace thy love to win,
Ere a death-bed I come nigh.



THE POWER OF PRAYER.

OH! the mighty power of prayer,
Of spirits pure that cry
To God, when grief, and wo, and care,
Around their paths do lie.

It's never felt ; it's never known
To worldlings, to record ;
For he who sits on heaven's throne,
Is not the sinner's Lord.

Where is that place prayer can not reach,
Directed to the Lord ;
A sigh, a groan, without our speech,
In purity, will afford

A passage to that ear of ears,
That hears the meek one cry.
He is never dull, he always hears,
Though it be but a sigh.

He sends his aid, or woes divert,
In mercy, and in power ;
He never does or will desert,
The penitent an hour.

Say, shall the stubborn rock above
In ponderous weight give way;
In fragments fall, or even move,
While still we trust and pray?

Shall it endanger one whose grace
The Lord of glory moves,
To seek his mercy and his face,
The only God he loves?

I tell thee nay; its ponderous weight,
Nor a fragment, shall not fall,
As long as he that gives delight
To God for mercy call.

God will suspend, he will delay,
The evil hour to fall;
And put away the evil day,
If on his name we call.

No mortal on this earth e'er knows
One half the power of prayer;
For love's the source that grace bestows,
Where men of grace repair.

Their breathings from that grace as given,
Back to its source delight;
And though its distance be to heaven,
One moment will unite.

Nay, ere the prayer spring from the heart,
The quivering lip to move;
Or it in speech's sound depart,
It's reached the God of love.

And he has answered, sent a guard,
With power and with respect,
The fatal blow far off to ward,
Without the least neglect.

Or removed the cause of fear
Far from our thoughts or care.
Thus prayer is mighty to us here ;
It's mighty here, is prayer.



UNFELT PRAYER.

1 JOHN 5 : 14.

ENDLESS words, and all unmeaning,
Without one grain of faith or grace ;
The prayers of some are so unseeming,
They often seem a piteous case,
That men should dare to bow the knee,
To ask such things, O Lord ! of thee.

Poor, dependent, crawling worm,
Ever sinning, ever grieving,
Modeling prayer in parrot form,
Using words without believing ;
Addressing Him that knows the heart,
And from his will far, far apart.

Where is our confidence, when grace
Never was or is our blessing,
Where faith never once had place,
But basely living and transgressing ;
Yet mankind know he never heareth
Those who love not nor yet feareth.

Yet wretched men now in our day,
For ease and for the sake of living,
Set up to teach, and preach, and pray,
And make believe they are right for heaven ;
Leading thousands here to follow,
By base designs, both false and hollow.



JESUS' SOLACE.

I NEED thy solace, that so pleases
Wayworn hearts, like this of mine ;
I need thy solace now, sweet Jesus,
Thy light into my soul to shine.

I need thy teaching, to awaken
Every inward power to move ;
And thy grace, for I'm forsaken,
Till restored by thy love.

The mind, the soul, the heart is sleeping,
On the brink of endless wo ;
Oh ! take me to thyself and keeping,
Ere in life I farther go.

Pour thy solace in my spirit,
Thy oil of gladness, sweet compound ;
And give me grace, that I may merit
Joys in heart, instead of wound.

I hunger for thy light forever,
For in darkness here I stray ;
Bound up in sins I ne'er can sever,
Winding round me day by day.

I ever thirst and want refreshing,
A weary sinner, naked and bare ;
I want thy love, I want thy blessing,
To drive away each weary care.

Oh ! fill my heart with grace and loving,
Displace the evil there that's known ;
To thee my guilt needs no proving,
Nor e'en the bulk to which it's grown.

I need thee, Jesus, every hour,
To prompt me with a sweet desire ;
And fill my soul with glorious power,
To keep alive the spiritual fire.

I need thee, and I'm ever needing
Love like thine, and pity too ;
For sins like mine are ever spreading,
And baser still seem to my view.

O Jesus, Jesus ! hear my wailing,
See my spirit how it's pressed ;
To thee I tell my woes and ailing,
For only thou canst make me blessed.

Thou hast said thou'lt hear the calling
Of the poor and needy here ;
Save me then, for I e'er keep falling,
And soon from earth may disappear.

Send me aid, O Saviour ! send,
Though in this I claim no merit ;
Yet where but thee have I a friend,
That can cleanse my evil spirit ?

I need thee, Jesus, for my ailing
Cleaves to sin, eternal sin ;
The joys of life seem so prevailing,
All my heart and soul to win.

Oh ! give me grace, ere all is over,
That I the righteous path may keep ;
For death around my path does hover,
When I'm awake, when I'm asleep.

None needs a Savior more, whose sinning ;
This alone I tell to thee ;
For where's the sinner from beginning,
That hath sinned more than me ?

My guilty soul thy solace needing,
Bids me on thy name to call ;
Ever death and hell it's dreading,
Where in it I soon may fall.

Hear me, then, O Saviour ! calling,
And send me soon thy blessed aid ;
For thou canst keep me here from falling,
Thy grace can make what it hath made.

I need thy solace, that so eases
Wayworn hearts like this of mine ;
Oh ! hear my prayer, thou Saviour Jesus !
And let thy light in my soul shine.

A PRAYER.

SANCTIFY every feeling that shall rise in my
breast,

And make me more pure, more holy and blessed,
That I may devote every thought unto thee,
And from all that is worldly I may be set free.

Oh ! let not my heart either move or rebel,
With vain imaginations one moment to dwell,
That my will here may sanction the newly-raised
pest,

To keep me from Jesus, from peace, and from
rest.

What is the world, with all its vain light,
That leads unto darkness and blackness of
night ;

Though I had all its joys, its grandeur, its gold,
It would fly like a fable or tale that is told.

Thy truth e'er to know, thy light for to feel,
With faith to believe those things thou'lt re-
veal ;

Though in poverty's rags, thy wisdom to trace,
I'm a thousand times richer with an atom of
grace.

Oh ! for those feelings of love that's so pure,
Oh ! for that filial fear to secure
The heart in its place, as I travel this road
Of pilgrimage here, on my way unto God.

Oh ! for that light, that rock that's revealed,
That truth of all truths that is concealed,

That joy of all joys, in time or in place,
The Son of thy glory and his saving grace.

To fill up my heart, to fill up my soul,
That o'er every ill it may bear full control ;
And then a full portion of thy sweetest love,
To make me at home when I rise above.



How shall I reach that truth so bright,
That glorious truth that ever pleases,
And see and feel in spirit light,
Without I have the love of Jesus ?

His love and spirit will supply,
The meek and lowly in befriending ;
And give to faith's pure, holy eye,
A sight of joys that have no ending.

He to faith's vision e'er lays bare,
Eternal fields of glory moving,
Free from every worldly care,
Of happiness alone, and loving.

It's Jesus' love alone can fit us,
For the flight of faith in feeling ;
His light alone will ever set us
Right in all he's been revealing.

Give me the will to do thy will,
And to love it while pursuing,
That I thy glory may fulfill,
And keep the light I now am viewing.

WHO IS A CHRISTIAN ? TELL ME, WHO ?

Who is a Christian ?—tell me, who ?

So many now are so deceiving !

Who is a Christian ? tell me who ?

And the faith that they believe in.

The true Christian may be known,

Whose holy temper and whose spirit,
Shows that Jesus here does own,

And hopes each promise to inherit.

He who believes the Saviour died

For all men, and hath ascended ;

He who hath on God relied,

And is by Jesus' grace befriended.

He who the Spirit inward feels ;

Whose conduct's moral in all places ;

Who never bows to hellish zeal,

Nor flatters rich men to their faces.

He who courts no earthly toy,

As gold, or silver, worth possessing,

Before that inward heartfelt joy—

Jesus' peace, and grace, and blessing.

He who relates the faith in truth,

As the Apostles it related ;

He who professes with his mouth

What Jesus taught, what Jesus stated.

He who risks his all on earth

By preaching Christ and all his glory ;

He who counts his all no worth,

And all things else as fabled story.

Compared with Jesus' love divine,
To which all else is but a folly ;
He bears the Christian's spirit sign,
And approaches too what's holy.

He that feels that influence sweet,
The grace of Jesus in him living,—
That can mankind as brothers meet,
With love to all—to all forgiving :

He the Christian name can share ;
He may here assume that merit ;
For only such who truth declare,
Truly feel the Holy Spirit.

True Christians want no cunning power,
Who preach Jesus and his graces ;
For the love of God, from hour to hour,
Divinely beams its marks and traces.

That tells to mankind when they meet,
A sacred truth, ne'er digressing ;
That such hath Christian influence sweet ;
That such hath found the Saviour's blessing.



A PRAYER

ON IMPIOUS THOUGHTS.

THESE impious thoughts within my breast,
That scarcely allow the mind to rest,
That scarcely ever cease—
O righteous Father ! make them less,
Or give me grace them to suppress,
That I may have sweet peace !

Imaginations, foul, unclean,
Of things I've seen and things unseen,
 Keep rising from the heart ;
That give the mind endless pain,
By raising up again, again
 What leaves such bitter smart.

O righteous Judge ! through Jesus' name,
Give me grace to feel that shame,
 And all those evils see ;
That when I plead Thy aid and power,
'Thou wilt hear me in that hour,
 And try and set me free !

Thoughts impious rise against my will,
And each imagination fill,
 As if some power was there,
O'er which I have no control,
That seem intent to ruin the soul,
 Though guarded up with care.

Oh ! give me grace ! oh ! give me power !
When they rise, like to devour
 My will, my mind, my peace ;
That I may all their ills despise,
By power of grace just as they rise,
 And bid them all to cease !

G R A T I T U D E.

If I drink no more the rosy wine,
Shall gratitude be less,
Than when the flowing cup was mine,
And Providence did bless ?

Shall I forget the bounteous past,
And all that God has given,
Because through life luck did not last,
Nor smiles descend from heaven ?

Shall I turn traitor in despair,
Because I'm now in need ?
Because the future's not so fair,
As down life's vale I tread ?

No ; bless the hand that bounteous gave,
Unasked in my youth, .
For mercies too that did me save,
And kept me in his truth.

For all I've had, and all I have,
Though that is little now,
Thou, O God ! in love me gave ;
It was bestowed by thou !

For naked on this earth I came ;
And all my care and skill
Before thy eyes, was sin and shame ;
And I might be naked still :

But thou, in mercy, fixed my lot
Above the poor—distressed.
I praise thee that I've not forgot
It is by thee I'm blest.



JOHN XIX : 13.

BETWEEN two thieves, he ling'ring hung,
The Lord of earth and heaven ;
They silenced thus the sweetest tongue
That e'er to man was given ;
Whose accents sweet—for all was love—
In purest streams from source above.

They pierced his hands and feet and sides ;
The Lamb of God they slew ;
And thus a victim, there he died—
He died for me and you ;
And even when life's ebbing throes,
In death, in death, he prayed for foes.

Forgive them, Father !—those accents sweet,
That still pertain to me and you ;
And where'er two or three shall meet
In his name, his love shall flow.
Thou Lamb of God, in truth divine,
Was ever love on earth like thine ?

WHO THINKS OF GOD—WHO?

THE *pulse* its healthful numbers beats,
Nor makes one false delay ;
The heart its sweetest throbs repeats
Throughout the night and day.

And life's sweet moments fly apace ;
We know not how or why.
Who can account, or even trace,
Why they so sweetly fly ?

Our night-hours pass in sweet repose,
In balmy sleep and rest ;
And mercy all our day-hours close,
To make us truly blest.

Yet alas ! from whence all flows
That goodness we receive ?
From God. That every mortal knows
That we here so often grieve.

It's he bestows our life and light,
And all those sweets display :
It's he that guards us, day and night ;
We seldom think or praise.

We seldom turn our heart or thought,
To thank him for our lot ;
For all his goodness on us wrought.
His kindness is forgot.

JOHN VI: 44.

DRAW me by thy influence sweet—
Thy all-pervading grace,
That I in faith may truly meet
My Saviour, face to face.

I can not come of my own will,
Of my own self-accord ;
I can not e'en the law fulfill,
Without thy powerful word.

Thy will, O God ! who reigns above,
Must here encompass mine,
And fill me with thy grace and love,
Ere, Jesus, I am thine.

Then plead my cause while I am here,
That I gain faith and grace ;
That I unspotted may appear,
To meet thee, face to face.

Where angels and where good men come,
To range thy courts above ;
To live in thy eternal home
Forever, in thy love.

THE SOUL IN DARKNESS.

WHAT are the trials of this life,
In all their various kinds,
Or the world's rough ways and strife,
Compared to turbulent minds ?

One moment's struggle with the heart,
One conflict with the soul,
Leaves by far a greater smart,
Where reason can't control.

The soul immersed in miry clay,
In darkness and distress,
With knowledge it hath gone astray
And sinned and is unblessed :

With knowledge it is sunk in dust,
Beyond our power to tell ;
In sin, and guilt, and in distrust,
In Satan's power and hell :

With knowledge it hath Jesus grieved
Ten thousand times or more ;
With knowledge it hath disbelieved
His gentle blood hath power.

Life's long trials, when reviewed,
Have naught to equal this ,
A life of sin and guilt pursued,
Beyond the pale of bliss.

These darkest hours so full of wo,
The turbulent soul to inflame ;
Each sin before you a stanch foe,
With trains of endless shame,

Are trials dark and dull and drear,
Calm reason can't remove,
That fill mankind with awful fear
Who have lost their Saviour's love.



JOHN VIII:12.

LIGHT of my life ! light of my soul !
Refulgent in my breast thou moves ;
Thou canst the wand'ring heart control,
With all its waywardness and loves.

Thou light of lights ! oh ! give me grace,
Thou fountain of all faith ; to me
In glory rise, that I may trace
The love that all belongs to thee !

Light of the world ! light of the mind !
Hope of mortals on this weary earth !
The life and light to all mankind !
Thou light superior, for thy saving worth !

Oh ! shine within my soul with power,
Shed thy rays around its sphere ;
There, resplendent till life's last hour,
Oh ! light my soul with joy while here.

Then in those realms where it's ever seen,
Make me partaker of it even there,
Where all is peace, and quiet and serene,
And there forever all its splendors share.

PRETENDED PREACHERS OF THE GOSPEL.

SOME pretend the way to teach,
To erring sheep that stray ;
Some pretend the *word* to preach,
That never knew the way.

They never knew nor felt the power
Of inward life or joy,
But lead the sheep where wolves devour,
Kill, slay, and all destroy.

Yet, strange, they the crowds delight ;
But ne'er a soul they move,
Or show one ray of inward light
Of a dear Saviour's love.

They talk of Nature—that's their theme—
And, moralizing, tell ;
But ne'er of Him that can redeem
The guilty soul from hell.

And yet they claim, through Jesus' name,
Their calling to the place
Where "Israel's" put to open shame,
And Religion to disgrace.

Their high-flown, far-fetched words,
Are never framed to win
Souls from guilt, nor e'en affords
A light of what is sin.

Yet on they go, and on they teach,
And deeper Nature delves ;
The Gospel is beyond their reach—
They need be taught themselves.

Yet they are called, by those that *hear*,
Through every sunny dale,
In rural districts, all the year,
“Teachers in Israel.”

DARKNESS IN THE SOUL.

Not one ray of light I've seen
For days, and months, and years ;
Immerged in darkness I have been,
In misery oft and tears ;
As if a cloud was o'er me cast,
Forever round my head ;
The dreary future, like the past,
Seemed densely round me spread.

What shall I do?—I can not hide
Where thou, O God, can't see ;
This fearful heart so full of pride,
It will not bend to thee,
Though reason tells me I must go
To wash in Jesus' blood,
My passions wild, my sternest foe,
They whisper, No, aloud.

And Satan, too, with arts and wiles,
With traps and gins and snares,
Mocks me, and he daily foils
Me in my griefs and cares.
Naught but that mighty power
Of God alone, I see,
Through Jesus blood, can e'er procure
That grace to set me free.

"IS NOT PUFFED UP."

1 COR. 13 : 4.

THE light I've got by which I see
And feel the power of sin,
Hourly brings a proof to me
The fearful state I'm in ;
It ever shows and does afford
A light on sins that grieve ;
It clearly shows the revealed word,
And never does deceive.

It's a light that ever inward burns,
That weighs each good and ill ;
It's a light that all darkness scorns
Engendered in the will ;
It's a light that shows Satanic pride,
Whichever way I move ;
It's a light that evils won't deride,
With Jesus' saving Love.

Though I know and prize this light,
And feel it pure and good,
My soul may be as dark as night,
And know not Jesus' blood—
And even know not Jesus's Love,
Who died to make me free,
Nor charity that's from above,
That heavenly charity.

Then, what availeth all this light,
Whereby each sin I trace,
It only darkens more the night,
Without I have saving grace.

It lets me see, as devils see,
The powerful hand of God
It lets me see I can't be free,
Except through Jesus' blood.



LUKE XVIII : 28.

“BEHOLD, we have forsaken all and followed thee—what shall we have therefor?”

How apt, through life, we think we give
To God in every sense ;
We never think by him we live—
By his good Providence.

For on each virtuous deed we do,
What value do we set ;
We grudge our act, and then pursue
And bring our God in debt.

“For, behold, we've left our all,”
“That we might follow thee.”
Thus in presumption oft we call
On blood that makes us free.

We set our *price* so far above
The simple act we've done ;
For lives of sin, we claim his love
Forever to be shown.

How false all our reasoning power,
Though plain we think we see ;
For virtue that may last one hour,
We claim bliss eternally.

UNSEEN BEINGS.

UNSEEN bands of glorious beings
Around us constant move
Residents of happier scenes,
With more than mortal love ;
Each with affection's sweetest care,
Attend us here and every where.

There's not a sigh nor silent tear,
That moves the breast or eye ;
There's not a joy, nor yet a fear,
In which they can not pry,
And sympathize, or try to raise,
In all their sweet angelic ways.

Departed friends among them meet,
And share our griefs or joy,
And praise the good, the truly great—
The bad they e'er pass by ;
Even those that now are near
Move at our joy or silent tear.

Soon we, like them, in realms fair,
May hold the self-same bliss,
To pity those in woes and care,
Even in a world like this,
Where sweet affections now do bind,
Where we, like them, will be as kind.

ISAIAH LI : 17 .

THERE reels the drunkard, all mankind's disgrace—

Foul fiend of passion, with a blotched-up face :
His chosen portion, from his own free will,
He sips the poison that his senses kill.

God's cup of trembling seems the mixed-up bowl ;

The mortal poison shall destroy his soul.

See how he reels, hear how he swears ;
His polluted lips, all the earth he dares ;
Mankind his foes—around, around, he beats—
Friends despising, and all that e'er he meets ;
Till the boisterous madman sinks beneath to
know,

The cup he's chosen is God's cup of woe.



“NOT FOR OURS ONLY.”

JOHN 2 : 2.

It was not for Jew, but Gentile, too,

The Lord of Glory died ;

For all mankind were in his view,

He none on earth denied :

Each nation, tribe, and kindred may

Call him their Saviour day by day.

The colored race, in bonds, disgrace,

In chains and slavery,

Have equal rights, in every case,

To Christ on Calvary.

He is their Saviour, as he is thine—

Their rights are equal and divine.

No select kind on earth we find,
Preferred claim can prove,
Except their faith and grace do bind
Secure in Jesus' love ;
For He that died for all our race,
Must love them most who faith embrace.

He who believes, and never grieves
The Spirit of our Lord ;
That loves mankind and ne'er deceives,
But trusts his Saviour's words ;
Such alone, on earth, above
Shall surely taste their Saviour's love.



THERE IS A ROAD.

THERE's a road to mortal power,
Beyond all power on earth,
To an ear that heareth every hour,
To an eye that sees our worth ;
And He hath promised, when we call,
To never turn away at all.

If we're sincere in praise and prayer,
I know He will us hear,
With more than parental care,
And wipe away each tear :
He'll send a balm to heal our grief,
And instantly to give relief.

That road is open unto all,
That ear to hear, that eye to see ;
And prayers from lips in faith let fall,

From all hearts of purity,
Reach his ears, ere they depart
From the deep cells of human heart.

It matters not where man may be,
He's Lord of all in earth and sky ;
He governs all things that we see,
Where'er they be, where'er they lie ;
He's Lord of lords and King of kings,
The sole upholder of all things.



WHY SHOULD MAN?

WHY should man dare to presume,
When Christ raps at the door,
To linger still, and never come
His peace there to procure ?

Is God, in mercy, bound to wait
The sinner's stated time,
And bear his foul immortal hate,
His sins, and guilt, and crime ?

His messenger each day in peace,
The sinner's heart entreats ;
Rap after rap, they still increase,
Yet mercy man defeats.

"Till a convenient time shall come,"
"A more convenient hour :"
But ere that time he's called home,
Or lost the will and power ;

Or launched into eternity,
With sins, a numerous load,
Unprepared, of guilt not free,
To meet an angry God.

Oh ! then—oh ! then ! that dying hour,
In deep remorse, distress,
Without a Saviour's peace secure,
Without a God to bless.

The souls let loose, in airy flight,
By that grim angel, death,
And downward float to darkest night,
To deepest realms of wrath :

And there forever to remain,
Beyond the power of bliss,
In endless woe, in endless pain,
Ne'er found in world like this.



1 JOHN III : 4.

HE who says he knoweth Jesus,
And still walks the road of sin,
Does here on earth as Satan pleases,
That liar, whom the truth's not in.

Such are all base, false teachers,
And boasters in all righteousness,
False pretenders, worthless preachers,
Wolves that walk in sheep's meek dress.

They are liars all, and men of folly,
That lead all simple ones astray.
Fly from such—they are unholy :
Keep, oh ! keep out of their way.

THE GUARDS OF PROVIDENCE IN NIGHT
HOURS OF SLEEP.

THE long night-watch, the peaceful slumber,
Is passed in sweetness now away ;
But who espies our guards, or number
Attending, till returning day,
That Providence appoints for keeping,
Watching o'er our balmy sleeping ?

We seldom think, while we're retiring,
Of that watchfulness and care
That deserve more than admiring,
In sincere thanks to God in prayer,
For appointing angels while we slumber,
Especial guards—unknown their number.

In groups around our bed they're blended,
While unconscious there we lie,
Till balmy sleep be quietly ended,
And we shake off every slumbering sigh ;
Until our conscious soul with pleasure,
Resume her throne and reason's measure.

Those pictures sweet, lit up in dreaming,
So lovely shown in hours of night,
With lively charms in beauty gleaming,
That so often give delight,
Are moral lights for our improving,
To guard from ill, and sin removing.

Say, do they whisper, in our hearing,
That we feel conscious of the story,
Those sweets sublime and so endearing,
That's filled with more than earthly glory?
Say, is not Providence forecasting
Lights that shall be everlasting?

Lights of love, in realms of pleasure,
Away, away in yonder heaven,
Where happiness flows and without measure,
That to the righteous shall be given.
Say, is it a phantom or vain story,
To dream and feel such weight of glory?

Glory, such as earth can't tender,
To kings imperial on a throne,
That fills the mind and soul with wonder,
Of the sleeping, dreaming one.
Say, it's not fancy—say, it's real,
What we shall see and surely feel.

But Satan, too, hath thus like power,
Wherein he works by light of nature,
That he his votaries may secure;
By opposing his Creator,
He shows the glittering toys and treasures,
Made up of gold and earthly pleasures.

Like bouquet flowers in charming places,
In beauteous forms forever filling,
Carnal minds with lusts disgraces,
That take his wages, and are willing
To hear and see his glory pouring,
In gins and snares that death's securing.

Two opposites—each have their glory ;
Though different sweets in wages are given :
The one's made up of earthly story—
The other of sweet peace in heaven :
The one leads to yon realms of light—
The other to death's endless night.

Such are the powers o'er us while sleeping,
Watchmen o'er us while in bed ;
Pure good angels good men keeping
Out of every harm and dread—
Infloucing in each soul a treasure,
The Light of lights, of peace and pleasure.

But oh ! the worldly with their caring,
And fiends that watch by their bedside,
Infusing lust and wreckless warring,
Lust of gold and lust of pride ;
Till down they sink, still deeper, deeper,
Into foul death—where Satan's keeper.

Oh ! could we here but lift the curtain,
And see those visions while we're sleeping !
What joy to some—how sweet and certain ;
While unto others, oh ! what weeping :
O'er one, attendants, sweet, endearing—
While fiends lie by the other peering.

And there are lie impure, unholy,
Where some good one's unequally tied
Unto some creature, foul with folly,
Their cause of weeping at their side—
Whose life-tears flow in humble prayer,
Yet *fiends* are constant tending there.

Could such sights, in night's dark hours,
Be in our power thus to discover,
What horrid grief and woe were ours,
Beside such woful, loathsome lover ;
Our angel, silent, sweet and civil,
While theirs stood black and grim, a devil.

Oh ! those nights, when we're reposing
On our downy beds and dreaming,
Where is that eye that could be closing,
From which salt tears would not be stream-
ing—
To think that they, beside us lying,
Were Satan's own—his fiends were *prying*.



THERE IS A SPIRIT.

THERE is a Spirit that each hour
True Christians have, in lively feeling,
Working in the soul with power
That ever is beyond concealing ;
Meek and humble, pure and good,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood.

It brings sweet peace before our eyes,
That peace of conscience never chiding ;
A prize—the greatest, glorious prize—
O'er which that Spirit is presiding,
Empowering faith, with streams of grace,
That Christians can from Jesus trace.

Such blessings are, and certain, known ;
For all who have them feel a heaven,
A joyful peace, to call their own,
A gift, that's by the Saviour given :
Such light, such power, and love, and joy,
Are all bestowed sin to destroy.

We know not how this grace it came,
Nor can we right describe the feeling ;
Yet its influence, heavenly flame,
Hath such joy and heavenly healing,
That the weak and sick, with cares distressed,
Feel here on earth supremely blest.



JESUS' LOVE.

1 JOHN 3.

HE that loves Jesus and salvation's plan
Will feel like loving for his brother man ;
For the love of one the other will embrace ;
It is the influence of that heavenly grace,
It's ever-spreading, grasping all mankind
In one wide embrace, through the world we find ;
Though subtle reason may reject the force,
Who know not Jesus, its sweet heavenly source.

All men that know Thee, and that truly greets
Thy power of grace and all its endless sweets,
Must and will, as they thy nature scan,
See love to God embraces love to man.
He who loves one, the other can't but love,
For such the influence, intricate, is wove,
That God, the source, this grace so sweet im-
parts,
Where'er it falls it more than fills all hearts.

Hence man's presumption, to call on God to send
His heavenly mercies, and him to befriend,
Here on this earth, either soon or late,
That dares a brother to denounce with hate:
Can such expect forgiveness here to see
That can't forgive, and set a brother free?
No—surely, no. It's not salvation's plan,
Where Jesus' love embraces every man

Real love's alive—it more than words reveal;
Pregnant with fire, we all its burnings feel,
And rush to help the object that could move
The radiant spark that is from realms above
With more than words—with true feeling life,
When he's in danger, or e'en in battles strife.
It's of Jesus' love, filed in salvation's plan,
A ready ransom for our brother man.

He feeling loves. Who has this love at all,
In human acts, unfeignedly let fall
With true benevolence on the needy poor
Where want is felt, or health he may secure;
His bowels yearn with compassion sweet
In all that's good and that's truly great;
His open heart, fluttering in his breast,
Leaves all behind to help the poor distressed.

Such is Jesus' love; and, from whence it springs,
Is seldom felt in the hearts of kings,
Or in hearts of worldly men, in this land of ours,
Though oft professed by malignant powers.
But what's profession? Let us now decide:
The empty boast ariseth all from pride,
It lives one moment, which the next displace,
The visioned phantom, with its foul disgrace.

He who loves Jesus, and whom Jesus loves,
Moves in this life, and Jesus' grace improves,
And as His grace, with radiating powers,
Keeps increasing, it all *self* devours ;
With endearing influence, yet expanding still,
That guards the heart against encroaching ill,
Drives sin away, and purity restores
To loving hearts, that their God adores.

Yes. Who loves Jesus, and whom Jesus loves,
Feels for a brother as it him behoves ;
He feels in heart ; yea, he yearning feels,
His faith compels as his grace reveals,
And the living fountain from whence it flows
Is that loving, living fountain, Christian knows,
Whose source, so pure, is from God above,
Where naught else springs but eternal love.



THE MORNING-GLORY FLOWERS.

The morning glory, blue-belled flower,
That, withering, dies e'er noon's bright hour,
Opening wide, as it espies
The morning sun in eastern skies,
To let the little *bee* that greets,
Taste distilled dew, and sip its sweets :

How delicate are all its hues,
The purple mixture with the blues,
The red, the crimson, and the white,
How they the human eye invite,
On every shade espied, to move,
To see how fine each tissue's wove.

Such short-lived beauties soon decay,
And shrivel up and die away :
A sad memento this of ours
To see how Death all life devours.
But all things show, beneath the sky,
We're born our God to glorify.



FALSE APOSTLES, OR PREACHERS.

“AND no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.”—2 COR. 11 : 14.

LIKE—serpent-like, both meek and mild,
They wheedle round and fill their places,
With seeming innocence, like child,
With light enough to suit their cases,
In language sweet, soft, and serene,
He seems a pious, holy being.

Pretending a greater light is seen,
Far greater wisdom, understanding ;
Then to saddening fear they'll lean,
Lion-like, in their commanding :
So that, if subtlety should fail,
The roaring lion must prevail.

If angel of light's form don't please,
Then, serpent-like, around they'll pander ;
Should neither suit, of these degrees,
Back to the lion's ways they'll wander :
Hence all the fagots, all the fires,
And all the burnings of our *sires*.

Such the foul, the base, false ways,
Of would-be-thought Christian preachers ;
They hold themselves up to our gaze
With flowery language here as teachers ;
Corrupting nature, and deceiving ;
Ruining souls that such believe in.

They wheedle round, work on your heart,
Showing that they're men of merit,
Then leave you on the *broad way* apart,
Where never comes the Holy Spirit.
Of such preachers and their preaching,
Oh ! save me, Lord, from such base teaching.



1 JOHN II : 1, 2.

JESUS, the atoning Sacrifice,
The only one below the skies,
Not for the Jew alone we find,
But for the world, for all mankind ;
For all our kinds, for all our race,
On every spot, in every place ;
He laid down his life in love,
That all might be with him above.

If through inexperience we sin,
Or foul temptations we fall in—
Through ignorance or want of care,
We fall into some hidden snare,
And the Holy Spirit grieve ;
Still if, repentant, we believe,
He that laid down his life with love
Will plead our cause with God above.

Jesus, the advocate for man,
Is pledged to do all that he can
The Father's favor to restore
For sins repented, we deplore,
And justify our foul offense,
When we fell through innocence ;
He ever pleads before the throne,
For all mankind, in every zone.

Jesus, the Righteous and the Just,
Oh ! give us grace in thee to trust,
That when we sin we may deplore,
And try to never grieve thee more,
That thou mayst advocate our cause,
When ignorantly we break thy laws ;
Oh ! give us grace, where'er we move,
That we be worthy of thy love.



JOHN XVI, PART OF 33D VERSE.

"IN the world ye shall have tribulation."

IN the world both grief and cares,
And tribulations flow,
They sometimes come quite unawares
Upon the high and low.

They bend the stoutest hearts on earth,
And cloud each tranquil joy,
Yet there's a One that can send forth
A balm, pain to destroy.

"Be of good cheer," despond no more,
"Let not your hearts so grieve,"
Cherish faith, and Christ adore,
On God through him believe.

Then every grief and weighty care,
 And tribulation known,
 Shall oblivion quickly share,
 And leave your heart alone.

The world, then, what is it to those
 Who're full of faith and grace?
 Hath not Christ triumphant rose
 Believers to embrace?

Keep, then, the Saviour full in view,
 Keep free from every sin;
 He grace sufficient will renew,
 That you his glory win.



[SEVERAL thoughts at different times on the 4th chapter of the 1st John. I can not do the justice to the Apostle's ideas that I would, for the love of God to man seems unfathomable, and far beyond my power to give a right view of it, as St. John expresses it, and the slavish fear that giveth torment.

1 JOHN IV : 16-18.

FOUNTAIN of love ! thy influence spread !
 Make every man partaker !
 That man to man, by will indeed,
 May love their heavenly Maker !

Let every heart, by love possessed,
 Expand in truth and feeling,
 And tell his neighbor how he's blessed,
 By thou thyself revealing !

For how can man possess in heart
 A portion of such loving,
 Without he unto man impart
 Thy influence, as it's moving ?

God in man unveiled in love,
In glory interwoven;
And man in God in every move,
By Jesus' grace and loving.

Thus man's approach. It's thus we see
How Jesus' grace hath merit,
Not only here to make us free,
But fill us with his spirit ;

That banishes each slavish fear
That maketh man repine ;
That never dare or will come near
A grace so sweet—divine !

But filial fear and love we trace,
Will hand and hand e'er go ;
They are only fit to join embrace—
Not slavish fear and woe.

Fear's inconsistent with such power ;
For love to God's the test ;
And faithful love, that final hour,
Will make man forever blessed.



1 JOHN IV : 19.

Oh! give me, Lord, a heart to feel!
In filial fear to mourn!
For love thou'st shown me for my weal,
That I gratitude return!

Thou first loved me, ere that I drew
One infant breath in life ;
Thou first loved me, ere that I knew
Sweet peace, from war and strife.

Oh ! let me not alone embrace
This power, to make return ;
But Christians all that feel thy grace,
Where'er thy love may burn !

Where'er its tender influence swells
A heart, where it can burn
Pure and deep within its wells,
Make them thy love return !



1 JOHN IV : PART OF 18th Verse.

“ HE that feareth is not made perfect in love.”

Love in the heart for God endeareth,
And banishes vain fear away ;
Love in the heart—it ever beareth
Love back to God—love to repay.
Beings fraught with this influence sweet,
Must love the source where loves e'er meet.

Love to God e'er bears a token
Worthy of man's moral sense ;
That by vain fear can ne'er be broken,
When attached to providence.
Its essence bears its like, so dear,
As filial love's to filial fear.

Filial fear's fore'er cementing,
Soldering love, from end to end ;
But slavish fear's fore'er tormenting
Hearts that only love pretend ;
For it breaks all peace that inward flow,
As if the Lord was mankind's foe.

Was terror e'er with love united ?
In angel, or in human breast ?
Can he who fears e'er be delighted
With him that truly makes us blest ?
His misery on uncertain moves ;
He feels the traitor in his loves.

But he who hath that filial feeling,
Only fears God to offend ;
God, who is so largely dealing
Love, sweet love, to man befriend.
Man can not basely love what's dear ;
For love's a joy that hath no fear.

Slave, fear's uncertain and unholy,
E'er tormenting, soon and late ;
Love can not mix with such a folly ;
For how can love e'er mix with hate ?
No ! Love with love delightful burns ;
And love to love—it e'er returns.

No slavish fear is mixed with loving ;
For love is happiness and peace :
All that's good with love is woven,
And forever, ne'er shall cease ;
For, love for love fore'er befriending,
Shall live in joy that hath no ending.

The Lord of love ne'er once designed
To fill man's heart with horrid fear,
When he on earth his Son consigned,
For all mankind, he loved so dear.
Fear's inconsistent, to define
With such sweet gracious love divine.

Let us then in joy keep moving—
In earnest seeking, as we move,
That love, that's worth all our loving,
And be baptized in Jesus' love :
He'll send his spirit's peace and grace,
That vain fear will here displace.

Then who's imperfect ? who is fearing,
And would on the Rock of Ages lean ?
Let him call ; for God's in hearing,
That maketh every sinner clean.
He can, this moment, from each heart,
Bid every fear and sin depart.



PERSECUTIONS.

WHEN worldly griefs and worldly cares
Beset on every side,
With every kind of worldly snares
Engendered here by pride,
When persecutions round us move,
It's then we think of Jesus' love.

O Lord ! give me thy grace to feel
My need of thee, before
Grief, or cares, or woe's my weal,
Shall make me here deplore
That persecution that can move
With fear, where there should be but love !

Oh ! let me love thee e'er that hour !
For the present time's the best ;
And thou alone, here, hath that power
To make me truly blest ;
That I may not by woes be driven,
But influenced by love to seek for heaven.

Oh ! fill my breast, my soul, and mind,
With inward joy and zeal,
To love both thee and all mankind
With love that's true and real !
That I henceforth my voice shall raise
In meekness, humbleness, and praise !

So that, if persecutions fall,
I shall in glory prove
That I responded to thy call,
A Saviour's grace and love ;
And did with heart and soul embrace
All thy love and all thy grace !



WHEN FRIENDS DISOWN US.

WHEN we're beset with cares and griefs,
And all our friends disown,
To sympathize, or give relief,
And leave us all alone.
It's then we fly—to Jesus fly—
To relieve us of our load,
It's then we cry, we earnest cry
To an offended God.

And oh ! what mercy, he's so good
To hear us when we cry,
And not, like earthly worms, so proud,
Pass us unheeded by.
But lends his ear whene'er we call,
And hears our deep distress ;
With showers of mercy soon let fall,
That all our cares can bless.

Jesus, the Great Atonement made,
And there he pleads above,
The meek, the mild, the good to aid,
With all his heavenly love ;
He stands our friend before the throne,
And pleads for man's distress,
He never leaves the meek alone,
Where'er his grace can bless.



J E S U S T H E M E S S I A H .

1 JOHN 5 : 6 .

SUCH love let down upon this earth,
All mankind will agree,
Ne'er had such witness of its worth
As Jesus, shown to thee.
It was Jesus the Spirit lit upon,
In dove-like form with ease,
God saying : " This is my beloved Son,
In whom I am well pleased."

'Twas Jesus shed his blood for man,
A truth so realized,
And unto Jordan went, where John
The Holy One baptized

By blood and water. Thus it's proved
That all the God-head Three,
The Voice attesting him beloved,
And the Holy Spirit free.

The Voice and Spirit did attest
A God on earth, though man,
That he was him, that was so blest,
The Great Jehovah's plan,
A Deity with love sublime
Upon the earth, now trod
A human form, but all divine ;
A humble man, but God.

The Spirit-power attests this day,
In every spot and place,
In silence, what it there did say,
In those who feel his grace.
It proves him Christ, and ne'er deceives
All those who feel its test,
Where'er the pure in heart believes,
And makes them truly blest.



1 JOHN II : 16, 17.

ALL that this world can e'er produce
Is but transient, flying, fleeting,
It can not to the soul conduce
In after-life a peaceful greeting ;
It can not give the soul one joy,
But death will soon or late destroy.

To gratify the heart in pleasure,
And keep mankind from here complaining,
There's not a gem, nor yet a treasure
Worth our toil or worth our gaining ;
For when possessed, there's something more,
Equally worthless, to adore.

Lusts of the flesh in man or woman,
Impure delights, impure desires,
Nature's ruin ; a thing so common,
To which mankind here all aspires ;
Delicious though they seem to be,
They are known—*not in* eternity.

Lust of the eyes, those human treasures,
Which makes this life more than a story ;
Windows to the heart of pleasure,
That often fill the soul with glory.
Yet how they lead mankind astray
To things immoral, false and gay.

Pride of life, that lust of boasting,
That's cherished in a thousand ways,
By beings, of lives one moment lasting,
That to themselves such tribute pays,
In heaven above, will ne'er be known
From beggars that from earth have gone.

None of these lusts belong to Jesus,
That light of lights beyond concealing,
Not one of which—the Father pleases—
Are on record, by his revealing ;
But all lead from his throne above,
And far away from Jesus' love.

They'll perish all—e'en now they'r fading—
All that we know, all that we see,
The more we love them, they're degrading,
They shortly shall all changed be ;
E'en the world itself we live in,
Shall be destroyed by God in heaven.

But he who loves his God unchanging,
And whose faith shall never sever,
Shall live above where there's no changing,
In purest bliss, and that forever ;
Where purest streams of Love e'er flow
And escape the wrath that's felt below.



A PRAYER IN A THUNDER-STORM.

LET not my mind, like storms that's past,
To forgetfulness be driven ;
But let thy mercies, o'er me cast,
Be felt, they were from heaven.

Give me a heart to love and feel,
That thou each day, each hour,
Hold in thy hand, for wo or weal,
Immortal strength and power.

Let not these thoughts within me die,
When thy warning voice is done ;
E'en when thou clear'st the pure blue sky,
And serenely show'st the sun.

Teach me that in a calm or storm,
Thy power, O Lord ! 's the same ;
That thou canst crush me like a worm,
That I may love thy name.

The awful thunderbolts thou throw'st
Thy voice in thundering peals ;
Thy careful warnings thou bestow'st,
Thou ne'er from man conceals.

Thou show'st us here thy awful power,
How thou throw'st through the sky
The forked lightnings, and the shower,
That thou lett'st fall from high.

Oh ! keep these things upon my mind,
That love and filial fear ;
For mercies shown to me so kind,
I all thy grace revere.

Oh ! let my heart, both first and last,
E'er I go to sleep or wake ;
Remind me of thy goodness past,
In all I undertake.

Draw me near thee by thy love,
Let thy sweet influence burn
With truth and joy, my soul to move,
To make thee sweet return.

Oh ! let me not forget thy care,
Thou hast shown to me alway ;
That thou hadst mercy and could'st spare
A wretch like me this day.

JOHN VI : 56.

As life itself, is here maintained
By what here we drink and eat ;
So is the soul to God sustained
By his Holy Spirit sweet.

Food with all flesh is blended,
O'er this earth on which we lie ;
A want of which life soon is ended,
We linger, pine, and shortly die.

The sinewed arm, in beauty moving,
With every muscle here complete ;
By meat and drinks, so interwoven,
We'd die if nothing we could eat.

So would we die and without merit,
Everlasting life to claim ;
If bereft of Jesus' spirit,
And unforgiven through his name.

Man must believe the great Creator
Of mortal and immortal beings ;
And lay aside the lights of Nature,
And all its exciting scenes.

His word its power is daily proving,
With spirit, feeling in each breast ;
That in believing, there's a loving,
A soothing, peaceful giving rest ;

That elevates the soul to heaven,
To happier scenes beyond the sky ;
To all repentant sinners given,
That in yonder mansions lie.

Oh ! let me eat and drink thy spirit,
And all thy joys my soul embrace ;
That through thy blood, I here may merit,
Life eternal through thy grace.



P R O V I D E N C E.

CANST thou tell what mercies tend thee,
What lovely beings around thee move,
Sent from above for to befriend thee,
Sent by a Saviour's guardian love ?
Mysterious seeming to thy sense
Are all the ways of Providence.

They guard thee safe, awake or sleeping,
Every hour, both day and night ;
In their hand thou art safe in keeping,
For they watch with great delight.
Kind Providence, there's no mistaking,
Is ever watchful, ever waking.

Be not surprised at such befriending,
It springs alone, where naught but love
Had no beginning, nor will have ending,
The source of charity—above.
Where Providence beholds with pleasure
He that's possessed of faith's sweet treasure.

These airy forms, around mankind
Unseen, unfelt, we can't discover,
Before, above, on sides, behind,
A shield that covers us all over,
Who obey the mandates of his loving,
His Providence need here no proving.

Oh! how mysterious, what a sweet blessing
Thus to be guarded while we live,
And kept from ills and woes distressing,
With more than human aid can give;
What mercies, yet what vain pretense
To ascribe them not to Providence.

If we are permitted here to fall,
Can it not be instantly proved
We disobeyed the heavenly call,
And forgot our God we loved;
Then ills o'ertake us, dark and dense,
That show withdrawals of Providence.



JOHN V : 6.

WE are all impotent, lame and blind,
And few there be who can console;
And fewer still, with hearts so kind,
That really wish us to be whole.
There's none like thee, dear Jesus, now,
With love so sweet and pure and true.

Thy searching eye sought out distress,
The weary-laden, full of care;
Thy daily thought was those to bless,
Thy joy was all such to spare
Those tears of woe, and fill with joy,
The hearts that sin and death destroy.

The hardened hearts in pent-up years,
Melt at thy soft and feeling words;
And eyes fill up with scalding tears,
At kindly acts thou didst afford;
And still thou canst with man condole,
And bid him rise up and be whole.

Thy words have power e'en to this day,
In all the hearts of meek and low;
To drive each weary care away,
That in the mind and soul may flow.
If we in faith, thy promise trust,
Thy love to man will ne'er be lost.

Despondency may spread her wings,
And leave the hearts that trust thy word;
For even now thy promise brings
Peace that nothing else afford,
That thou art Lord, and can console,
And bid each sinner here be whole.

TELL ME WHERE SWEET PEACE IS
KNOWN.

Oh! tell me where sweet peace is known,
Where gentleness and love
Weaves around her crystal throne,
That I her paths may prove?

Oh! tell ye me, who're good and kind,
That I her ways may trace;
Does she lie in the heart or mind,
Where is her resting-place?

Thou who wouldst the secret know,
And feel it in thy breast ;
Free alike from every woe,
And wouldst be truly blest—

Know then that peace, eternal peace,
With all its wealth and worth,
May be found, and ne'er to cease,
On every spot on earth.

Where half-clad wretches, poor and bare,
Half starved, that daily toil ;
O'erburdened here by many a care,
On every spot of soil.

It even in the palace moves,
With gentleness and love ;
Yes, that peace that all approves,
Among the great ones move.

Peace may be found, eternally found,
On every spot and place,
By him to whom the Saviour's bound,
By his unbounded grace.

Peace is found by all who know
That Jesus Christ is love ;
Peace is found in hearts that flow,
With grace from him above.

I'll tell thee where it's never found,
Where imaginary care,
In the heart and mind abound—
It never is found there.

RICH MEN.

SOME rich men die, and leave no traces
Of their footsteps on the earth ;
Their children rise and fill their places,
Scarcely of more noted worth.

They seem regardless of life's blessings,
And buzz about without control ;
They scarcely note on earth those lessons,
Divinely taught, about their soul.

But like their SIRE, that *hence* hath passed
O'er the bourne of weary life,
They leave the wealth that he amassed,
A bone for succeeding strife.

It thus becomes a source of sorrow ;
The wretched sum, it gives but pain,
And by wings grows less each morrow,
As they increase their gilded train.

The few short years on earth they wander,
On the brink of death they play,
And riotously, in sin they squander
Life and health, then pass away.

Of sires and sons, ten thousand cases,
Of blustering bombast, with no peace,
May be found, that's left no traces
Of one single joy's increase.

Such ill-begotten wealth forever,
Marks the road of sin too well,
The gilded bait they ne'er can sever,
But pass the broadest road to hell.

1 COR. XV : 34 .

AWAKE to righteousness, awake,
Lay drowsiness aside—
Hear the call, and effort make,
To cast off sin and pride.

For sin will to destruction lead
The body and the soul,
And pride, the fruit of sin, will spread
Beyond our life's control.

Improve life's moments as they fly,
For life is short on earth ;
And heaven hath blessings when we die,
We can't compute their worth.

Turn, then, mortal, why pursue
So dangerous a road ?
Why thus here a life endure,
With sin against thy God ?



CHEERFUL SPRING.

ADDRESS, ETC.

WHEN lovely days like this appears,
After winter's stormy weather,
Oh ! how the heart and mind it cheers,
And 'livens life up, all together.
It will sweetly raise the drooping spirit,
And enliven every pleasure,
Life seems worth us to inherit,
To which we cling, as to a treasure.

The future seems so lovely beaming,
Away, away in all its grandeur,
On every heart-felt thought it's gleaming,
Bursting forth with greater splendor.
It lovelier still springs forth to gladden
Every inward hope and joy ;
And destroy the thoughts that sadden
Those hearts that weariness annoy.

Come then, sweet Spring, with all thy charms,
As ordained by the Creator,
Thy bright-beaming mornings, warms,
Thou happy change in lovely nature ;
All animated beings, of feeling,
Feel thy force their health improve ;
Thou bear'st the balmy sweets of healing.
That every creature feels with love.

Oh ! how the gladdened heart and mind,
Cheering feels at thy sweet traces,
That seems as if thou came'st to bind,
Happiness, in all our faces.
Such cheered looks we do not borrow,
Our smiles are not false and deceiving,
For thy bright days destroy our sorrow,
And free us here from all our grieving.

Say ye, that feel the influence sweet
Of such days and their improving,
Do ye not brighten up, and greet
Their sunny smiles as worth your loving ?
Say, do ye not delight in spirit,
To bask in such delightful weather ?
Say, do ye not wish to inherit
Life like this—and that forever ?

ON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

THE lightning's glare so brilliant shown
Along the evening sky,
Thinks't thou that it's at random thrown
By Him who dwells on high ?
I tell thee nay—it's guided through,
If even through, the heart of thou.

All things above, and all below,
God alone does here dispense,
Death never deals his final blow
Until signed by Providence ;
Nor does the twittering sparrow fall,
But God both knows and sees it all.

Even buzzing insects in the air,
By every zephyr blown,
Receive from him paternal care,
They are never left alone ;
But watched with love, and governed too,
With more than general laws it's true.

No ; our God that governs all,
The minutest object sees,
The giant man and insect fall,
But each hath its degrees.
For intelligences of praise and prayer,
Receive his best and greatest care.

Can insects hear, or animals know
The meaning he'd impress
By miracles, as seen below
When he mankind would bless ?
No ; those wondrous works and signs,
For man alone he here designed.

This shows no general laws above
To aught on earth addressed,
For prayer brings down his sweet love
To hearts by cares oppressed ;
Angels and men can all declare
His daily providence every where.

Mercy is his, and he can give
Free pardon, e'en in strife,
And bid the penitent to live
A long, eternal life.
He can all sin from hearts displace,
And fill them with sweet pardoning grace

And does he do all that is done ?
Can we by works not prove
That virtuous acts beneath the sun
Are deserving of his love ?
Search thy own heart, and it will tell
That thy best deeds deserve but hell.

Oh ! the hearts of all mankind,
Could we their secrets see,
The virtuous few to good inclined,
And by his grace made free.
How few indeed, o'er all the earth,
Compared with all that hath this worth.

It's well God sees and knows us all,
Our every act and move,
It's well he hears our plaintive call,
And turns his ear with love.
To send his mercy when we call,
Or ruin would o'ertake us all.

But great God, through Jesus' love,
Mercy sends where there is faith ;
The prayerful sigh that ascends above,
Allays his just and fearful wrath.
And thus the general laws o'erthrow,
That unbelievers teach below.

But let us general laws define :
Are not particulars interwove ?
Particulars make up each design
That make general, all may prove ;
For there's no general laws, we trace,
Where *particulars* have no place.



LOSS OF THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

WHEN Jesus' smiling face appears
To our faith's far-seeing eye,
How he again the heart endears
After absent moments fly.

Oh ! how he cheers the drooping mind,
After thus being so distressed :
We think he never was so kind—
No, nor were we e'er so blest.

The child that for the mother grieves,
Feels that moment such delight
When once again in sight she heaves,
The little eyes, they beam so bright.

So is Jesus' powerful grace,
When he bids it tranquil flow
Back again to hearts whose case
Was his absence here to know.

Oh! how the heart will bound with joy,
Fluttering fill, and beat the breast;
But where's the language to employ,
To tell the glory of the rest!

The Saviour lost—the Saviour found—
None may know but those who feel
Joy at his sight: but oh! what wound
When he does himself conceal!



D A R K M O M E N T S .

WHEN dark dull moments cloud the mind,
And weariness destroys
Centered thoughts, on God inclined,
With all their sacred joys,
Oh! how grievous is the hour
When we lose the Saviour's power.

Confessed, we feel such awfulness,
That leaves such painful smart,
His presence wanting, here to bless
The emptied, graceless heart.
Oh! how grievous is the wound,
When Jesus no where can be found.

Man left alone in bitter tears,
In guilt and sin's embrace—
Batling with his soul-felt fears,
In deep, in deep disgrace,
Is grief enough, a direful wo,
Till Christ again grace does bestow.

Oh! those moments—oh! what care;
Joyless is the dark domain
Weaving round the soul despair
Filling hearts with deadly pain:
And who pain's anchor can remove,
Till Christ again restores his love?

I've felt these vacant moments flow,
While seeming bound in Satan's chains:
Alas! who can describe the wo—
Who can picture half the pain,
When bound up thus by such a spell—
Chained as it were—I can not tell.



A S C R A P .

He that is wise, ere the hour that he dies,
Must abandon the world and its pleasures,
And the toys of this life put by and despise,
With all that is vain in its treasures.

For it's best to remove our affections above
On things that forever shall last;
For the cherub of life shall descend with his
love,
And make them more sweet to our taste.

For our struggles we know, while down here
below,
To the pious and good is but strife
That shall leave us alone the moment we go
To enter our realms of life.

EARLY CHRISTIANS.

SEE yon little band of brothers
Passing over the rocky plain ;—
It's Jesus, and a score of others,
Wandering through the land of Canaan.

Hear his accents, soft and feeling—
Hear his subject so profound ;
He sends to hearts a balm of healing,
That can cure each grievous wound.

Hear the maimed and wounded crying,
As he journeying passes by ;
See his love—without denying
He turns to hear their plaintive cry.

Thou Son of David, give thy blessing,
Have mercy on the poor and blind ;
A single word heals their distressing,
And then that word's so sweet and kind.

No imperious way commanding,
He gently speaks away their wo—
With tenderness, all, all befriending,
As his accents sweetly flow.

Who but Jesus, with such loving,
Could or would be half so kind ?
Such sympathies so seldom moving
O'er the earth—men seldom find.

No—only Jesus hath the feeling—
He alone feels for distress—
He alone hath balms of healing—
He alone can truly bless.

JOHN 14 : 6.

CHRIST the way to heaven leads,
To happiness and rest ;
Christ's the joy the pious needs,
The hope of all the blest ;

He leads the wandering sheep that stray—
That's lost on earth their road
Back again a better way,
That leadeth unto God.

He is the truth, Eternal truth,
That teacheth all that's good ;
The morning star to age and youth,
All knowledge cries aloud :

He is that life that good men seek,
When by earth's cares o'ercast—
The Rock that shelters all the weak
From every stormy blast.

He animates the soul within,
While we affections place
On him, to keep us from all sin
By his all-powerful grace.

He leads us on through life to move,
With faith that when we die,
That we shall share his tender love
In mansions in the sky.

No other way there is that leads
From sin and earth's distress ;
No other way no mortal needs
To eternal happiness.

ALL MAY BE HAPPY.

Is happiness not to all intended,
To every mortal of our kind?
Could he who would add to or mend it,
Or make more pleasures than we find?

Are joys dealt out with hand so sparing,
That the meanest can not reach—
Is not that bounteous hand preparing
More than enough for all, for each?

Then tell me not, ye unbelieving,
Who immolate in self-made tears,
That ye have cause for all your grieving,
In creating endless fears.

The soaring sun sends each their measure
Of genial rays from sky above—
Equal on all. It is God's pleasure
That all, ay all, should taste his love.

His bounteous hand is never failing
In upholding all he's made;
His love—his love's fore'er prevailing,
In beauteous day or evening's shade.

More than enough in greatest grandeur
Through all the earth he ever sends;
It takes such hand as his to squander
Sufficient here for foes and friends.

Who can say such source of treasure,
Such source of love can be impressed
To deal to one more than his measure,
And leave the meanest ones unblest?

Who can say such bounteous giving,
In partial lots, on earth's let fall?
Is He that rules the world and heaven
Not impartial unto all?

Does not his bounteous hand keep moving
Every moment through all space?
All creation he keeps loving,
On every spot, in every place.

Each to their kind, in all their glory,
As by Him at first designed,
Not as told in "fabled" story,
Subject to *fates* of every kind.



"NEVER MAN SPAKE."

JOHN 7 : 46.

OH! for that innocence of heart,
That soul-convincing love of truth,
That driveth malice far apart,
And slander from the foulest mouth—
That I thy depths of mercy see,
And all the love thou hadst for me.

May thy word, by me believed,
Ne'er to want of faith give place;
May I by man ne'er be deceived,
To lose thy sweet and soothing grace;
But keep thy mercies in my view,
And often this frail heart renew.

Oh ! the envy of mankind—

The foul, the false malicious heart ;
To plainest truths we're ever blind :

From sin and guilt we can't depart
Without thy aid and saving grace
Be spread around us in each case.



P R O V I D E N C E .

AROUND me, Lord, thy arm thou threw,
Where'er I've gone or been ;
Since first the breath of life I drew,
Thy Providence was seen.

In moments when the wandering mind
O'er things that's past will move,
I then, full often, feel inclined
To think of all thy love.

Thou'st borne me through those dangers past,
On oceans, seas, and land ;
In pleasant place my lines thou'st cast,
And upheld me with thy hand.

From a thousand ills thou'st kept me free,
When many round me fell ;
Thy Providence was more to me
Than I have words to tell.

Yet oh ! how vain has been my heart,
How weak, and lame, and slow,
To learn that thou stand'st on my part,
And keep'st me free from woe.

Oh ! give me grace, and faith, and love,
While on through life I'm borne,
That hence I may unto thee prove
Of love even some return.

Keep me from all temptations free,
From those of heart and mind,
And give power thy light to see,
And all thy love inclined ;

That I may walk that better way,
That ever leads to good—
That leads unto eternal day,
Bought by a Saviour's blood.



A W I S H.

GIVE me that glow of love that glows
In angel breasts and mind ;
That harmony that ever flows
In affections sweet and kind ;
That I may feel, as they do feel
To every mortal here,
That love to God and man that's real,
That love without a fear.

Let no dark or vain desires
Disturb my quiet or rest ;
Nor cares this life so much inspires,
Find room within my breast ;
But let my soul on virtue dwell,
My mind fore'er improve,
My heart in sweetest feeling swell,
In Jesus' holy love.

Thus let me pass my time on earth,
Religiously each hour,
And fully test the Christian birth,
With all its mighty power.
Come weal, come woe, all will be well ;
For where's that earthly joy
That's half so sweet, can mortals tell,
That naught can e'er destroy.



TRUST NOT THAT FACE.

TRUST not that face of placid smiles,
That you think so happy seemeth ;
For hearts like thine are full of guiles—
True happiness they seldom beameth.

Although they're rich, and wise, and great,
And e'en possessed of earthly treasure :
Nay, e'en a monarch of a state,
Of peace may have but scanty measure.

The almost perfect man on earth,
The seeming master of each feeling,
Were he to show thee all he's worth
Of happiness he is concealing—

Perhaps thou'dst feel for him some sorrow,
Some sympathy or sort of caring,
That would allay thy wish to borrow
The mite he seemed to have for sparing.

Trust not, then, the smiling face,
Nor think him happy that's so seeming ;
His heart may not have such a place
To lodge a grain of peaceful beaming.

If thou would'st gain that inward peace,
Or even a portion of such treasure,
Thy worldly cares thou must decrease,
And banish every earthly pleasure.

Then thou mayst have some cause to smile ;
Smiles—a tranquil heart's sweet lesson ;
Though thou mayest be a man of toil,
To thy poor heart they'll be a blessing ;

A blessing thou would'st not exchange
For all the gold the world could proffer,
Though huge and like yon mountain range,
If they ten thousand such would offer.

The secret lies amid some smarts
That may feel bitter to thy feeling ;
It's a final change in human hearts,
But the change hath power of healing.

This change but thine—then will thy face
Beam forth smiles fore'er improving ;
None haply feel who want this grace,
Which makes the heart here fit for loving.

Such faces only thou mayest trust,
Whose heart's deprived of nature's griev-
ing ;
But remember, man's only dust—
Thy own will show how false, deceiving.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM'S LOVE.

WHEN time shall fail her roiling years,
As long eternity it nears ;
When swallowed up, and mankind meet
In realms of bliss at Jesus' feet,
Where some, from every region known,
Shall stand around yon awful throne—
There to saints and angels prove
They've tasted universal love :

Then shall they from Gospel lands,
Bound with sin and Satan's bonds,
Feel remorse of soul to see
The Spirit's love in each degree,
That they neglected here to taste ;
That soared o'er the earth's rough waste,
Without a fetter round it wove,
And free that all might taste its love.

There shall they see the aged at rest,
And infant babe in Jesus blessed ;
There shall they see those they scorned,
With crowns of glory there adorned ;
With beaming smiles and full of joy,
That sin, foul sin, can ne'er destroy ;
Where cares nor sorrows e'er shall move
Their souls in rest, in Jesus' love.

There that universal peace,
Here sown on earth, shall never cease,
By Jesus taught to all mankind,
That all in love might be combined ;

His mission here was to make known
The Rock on which he built his throne ;
That Rock that nothing more shall move,
Laid on foundations called Love.



MY INFANT DAYS.

My infant days were poor and needy,
Yet, O Lord ! thou guardedst me ;
Though my ways were quite unheedy,
Thou still ordainedst I should be free.

Nor was my youth to thee more loving
By one single act of sense ;
Immoral was my way of moving,
Regardless of thy providence.

Not even manhood's days of beauty,
When I in sense ought to improve,
I could not feel or see my duty,
That thou, O Lord ! should claim my love.

I plodded on through earthly pleasures,
Fondly seeking worldly fame ;
Full of hopes of golden treasures,
Never thinking of thy name.

Still thou lovedst and still thou guardedst
All my unheeding ways ;
More than this, thou still rewardedst
Me with many happy days.

And these, O Lord ! as they passed over,
My eyes were blind, I could not see ;
Thy providence around me hover,
Guarding still to keep me free.

Not even transient days of sorrow
Could even bring thee to my mind ;
For worldly joys e'en then I'd borrow,
That passed away on empty wind.

Though thy chiding me bereaved
Of the loved ones of my heart,
I never thought that thou wert grieved,
Though I keenly felt the smart.

I felt, and feel, the want of loving,
That grace that human hearts improve ;
I felt, and feel, there's no improving,
If thou instill not Jesus' love.

Then grant, O Lord ! that joyous feeling,
That living faith and holy grace,
That balm for every sorrow healing,
That I, in heart, may soon embrace :

That I may love thee, and keep loving,
And never more thy laws transgress,
And ever keep thy grace improving,
To know how Jesus here can bless.

Make my heart feel what I'm craving ;
Make my mind and soul the same ;
Give me faith and grace that's saving,
Through Jesus Christ, my Saviour's name.

PROFESSING RELIGION WITHOUT BEING
RELIGIOUS.

It is useless, mankind, here to say,
As they o'er earth are onward moving,
That they love God from day to day,
While brothers here they are reproving.

Love only flows from God above :
He is the source of all its splendor ;
And he who can't a brother love,
Can only be a base pretender.

For God loves first, and gives man grace
To make returns for that he's given ;
And the man that feels not such his case,
Knows not that love from God in heaven.

That love that e'er descends from high
Into the hearts of every creature,
Will change the mortal it comes nigh
Both in heart, and mind, and feature.

He will brighten up and brothers greet,
Meet where'er they may, together ;
And nod a recognition sweet
In passing—fine or stormy weather.

No partial means they'll take in hand
For sake of *garb*, in their befriending ;
Nor for the rich ones bear the brand
That *they* to *wealth* are condescending.

But rather to the *poor man* pay
A compliment, or act of loving ;
The poor—that stand out of the way
Where rich men are often moving.

Such love their God who loves the poor ;
And acts like these are a sweet token
Their love is pure—perfect and pure—
And can not easily here be broken.

But he who does exclude the one
Because he's poorer than the other,
Knows not that love to God that's known
To be pure love unto a brother.

Such base pretenders, it is confessed,
Can scarcely act more unholy ;
Such may hope that they'll be blessed,
But how can God bless such a folly ?

DECEPTIOUS LOOKS.

ALAS ! how oft are we deceived,
When we think some others blessed ?
With hearts that seemeth never grieved,
With minds that never seem distressed.
We think that Nature, with her arts,
Hath no power o'er their sweet hearts.

It is not so, though thou believe it :
They have as much to do as thee ;
They are at times as sorely grieved,
And scarce from sin are ever free :
For Nature clings, with all her arts,
Dispensing grief to human hearts.

Human hearts are fraught with sorrow,
So intricate around them wove;
And where we think we peace can borrow,
There we think we safe can love.
But Nature there, too, with her arts,
Infuses sin, too, in those hearts.

We think the seeming pious, holy,
With faces full of placid smiles,
Hath power here o'er every folly,
But their pious looks beguiles:
For Nature there, too, with her arts,
Ever clings with bitter smarts.

He that hath power, and that's rewarded,
Hath to watch it hour by hour;
And keep the treasure safely guarded
From that sin-destroying power:
For Nature here, may, with her arts,
E'en disturb such guarded hearts.

Such shelter, then, for thee's not binding,
He only hath his mortal share;
Yet there's for thee, and worth thy finding,
Grace enough, and still to spare,
To bid defiance to these arts,
That Nature hath o'er human hearts.

Search, then, where grace is hourly springing,
Have faith and thou mayst find that grace;
The beauteous gift is worth thy bringing,
It's *peace*—it's peace in every place:
But yet—oh! yet—vile Nature's arts
May wrench it from unguarded hearts.

JOHN 14:18.

O THOU who comforts all the weary,
That have faith and trust in thee!
Though their pilgrimage be dreary,
Thou canst make it light and free.
Thou canst comfort, Thou canst bless,
Nor never leav'st them comfortless.

Though their sorrows are unsparing
And weariness may on them move
That fills them full of grief and caring,
Yet thy providence and love
Can weary woes and cares so bless,
And keep them far from comfortless.

What then though we are faint and grieved,
Thou wilt come, thy word is sure;
Thou'st made the promise, we believe it,
We trust in thy almighty power.
For thou alone canst sorrows bless,
And wilt not leave us comfortless.



THE TREE OF LIFE.

PROV. 13:12.

MYSTERIOUS tree of lives that grew
In Paradise's hallowed place,
It is little here that's known of thou,
Save in one solitary case,
That sunk the parents of mankind
Deep in sin and woes above
Retrieving, here on earth we find,
Save in a Saviour's endless love.

What mysteries around thee lie
Unfathomable to man on earth;
And all that live below the sky,
Of excellencies of all thy worth.
But there's a Paradise above,
In which there grows another tree,
That blooms, and bears a Saviour's love;
For saints and angels it is free.

Another Eden! where no care
Shall fill the soul with earthly strife;
And another tree of lives is there,
By the crystal stream of life.
There shall we eat and drink and live,
And peace and joy for ever see;
Of fruits eternal earth can't give,
Spiritual and forever free.



ON DEATH.

WHEN death my spirit here shall free,
And launch me into life,
With power yon bright worlds to see
Freed from all earthly strife :

When my eyes and ears are opened wide,
And life's gloom passed away
In spirit-land, and side by side
Of saints, each day by day :

When I can mount to realms on high,
Bright as the beams of sun,
And launch away throughout the sky,
Everlasting life to run :

Then shall I view the dreamy past,
And earthly pleasure that seemed gay,
As I mount through the ethereal waste
To realms lying far away,

And wonder at the senseless clod
Now laid in the dust of earth ;
How I in it through life have trod,
Through mysterious Nature's birth :

Then muse on themes as I may rise,
How man is saved by that blood
That millions here on earth despise,
That know not Jesus here was God.



THE CLOSING SCENE.

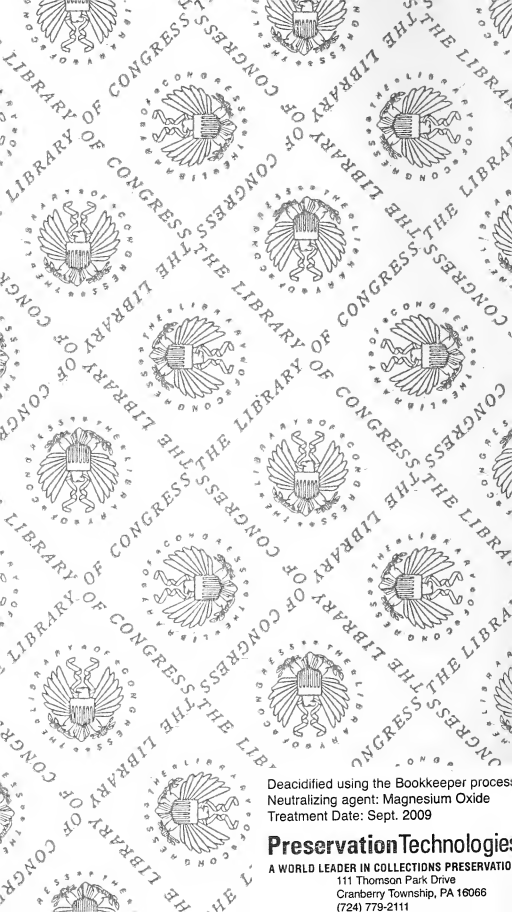
THE closing scene will soon pervade,
The soul burst forth into the shade ;
The pulse and breath forever cease,
And future joys and future peace,
Or future fears or future woes,
A long eternity disclose ;
And hail us as we enter there,
With peace supreme or endless care.

Joys will meet us face to face,
If this life be spent in grace ;
True peace and happiness within,
If we're freed from earthly sin.
But if in ills we took delight,
If sin was pleasing to our sight,
Then wo, then everlasting wo,
Shall be that portion we shall know.

APR. 15. 1861.

C 32 89 JAN 1989





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